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CONTENTS.

Agricultural Notes by the Way-Michigan Agricultural College Bulletin No. III.-Pencil Sketches by the Way	1
The Horse-Hamiltonian Series-The Kalamazoo Combination Sale	2
The Farm-Best Grasses for Forage-Short or Long Coupling of Wagons-The Laws of Heredity-Agricultural Items	2
The Poultry Yard-How to Raise Turkeys	2
Horticultural-The Farmer's Garden-Floriculture-The Plum Orchard-Raspberries and Lima Beans-Hot Market Gardening Part-III-Thick and Thin Planting-Sweet Herbs-Horticultural Notes	3
Editorial-Wheat-Corn and Oats-Dairy Products-Wool-Stock for Michigan-Sheep and Wool Notes-Change of Time	4
Special Summary-Michigan-General	4
Foreign	4
Apian-Central Michigan Bee-Keepers-How the Bees were Wintered	5
Poultry-Cowslips-May Bloom	6
Musical-The Day of the Picnic-The Japanese-How a Treaty was Made-African Diamond Thieves-A New Use for Old Leather	6
The Bull-Girl-Abe Lincoln's Cow in-A Mad Race for Life-Where Beauty Sleeps-A Toper's Share-Various-Clubs	7
Veterinary-Cribbing Muzzle, and Injury of the Back-Joint in a Horse-Probably Plethora in a Horse-Cramp in the Horse-Prolapsus Ani in a Horse-A Lock Lever	8
Wyandotte Fowls	8
Democrat	8

Agricultural.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Spring Fair of the Van Buren County Agricultural Society-The Country Around Paw Paw.

The Van Buren County Agricultural Society having decided to hold a spring fair this season on their grounds at the pretty village of Paw Paw, it opened on Thursday last under rather unfavorable auspices. The weather was warm, and threatened rain, and everybody who did not have their corn in the ground was too busy to leave home. The machinery men, however, were on hand in goodly numbers, as a fair at this season is really the best thing possible for them, as nearly every farmer is interested in implements and machinery at this time. On exhibition were sulky and hand plows, mowers and reapers, cultivators for both corn and fallow, threshing machines, etc., etc. The horsemen turned out in goodly numbers also, and trotters were present from Decatur, Grand Rapids, Kalamazoo and other points. It is safe to say the trotting races were the great attraction of the fair for a majority of those present, and the horses taking part in them were of more than ordinary merit. The 2:40 race, with a field of six horses, best two in three, was quite exciting, and during its progress the grand stand was well filled with people, among them a large number of ladies, who seemed equally interested in the result with the sterner sex. We had looked for a large exhibition of draft horses, as Paw Paw and vicinity has long been noted for that class of stock as well as roadsters; but the Napoleon of draft horse breeders, Mr. E. Woodman, preferred having a good time to adding to the laurels he had already won, and was numbered among the audience who criticised the performers. Mr. Baldwin, of the firm of Parsons & Baldwin, of Watervliet, seemed of the same mind, and his Percherons were left at home. Can't say as we altogether regretted this, as we found them for the first time on a fair ground with plenty of leisure. Among the horses on the ground was a Cleveland Bay stallion Luck's All Jr., by Luck's All, dam by Anglo-Saxon. He is owned by a company consisting of Dr. Bartram, J. T. Bangs and G. E. Gilman, of Paw Paw. This is one of the handsomest horses we ever saw; a very dark brown, so dark as to be nearly black, and in form and conformation as near perfection as seems possible for an animal to be. Every point is finished, and for style we never saw a horse that surpasses him. If he don't get some handsome carriage stock then there is nothing in appearance. A sheep-shearing was to have been one of the attractions of the fair, but it was too late in the season to bring out many, as owners of thoroughbred flocks all shear before this. A. W. Haydon, of Decatur, brought a ram that sheared 38 lbs., the growth being something over a year; A. Williams, of Decatur, had one ram; G. F. Harrington, of Paw Paw, had three, one of them bred from the old Russ flock of Cambridge, Lenawee Co., and sired by a son of Tempest; C. Lindley, of Decatur, also had a ram shorn. The official scoring of the sheep shorn was given to one of the reporters present, and we did not have time to get it.

The large hall was filled with a fine exhibit of foliage plants and flowers, grown by amateurs, two ladies being the principal exhibitors, and fancy needlework. The work in the latter department we never saw excelled, and exhibited a high degree of artistic skill combined with a wonderful amount of patience. A full description of the articles shown would not doubt please the ladies who read the FARMER, but that is beyond the utmost efforts of a pencil that generally deals with the strong points of horses, cattle, sheep, etc. Another notable exhibit was a large amount of school-work from the pupils in the public school at Paw Paw, such as penmanship, map drawing, etc. Frank Van Ness, a young man who has had but little training, ex-

hibited a collection of paintings, both in oil and water colors, that in many respects would be a credit to a veteran painter. His portraits were a little stiff especially the earlier ones, but two or three small landscapes were very pleasing, and indicated natural talent of a high order. On Friday night a number of the farmers of the neighborhood, with their wives, gathered at the house of our correspondent, Mr. A. C. Glidden, and passed a very pleasant evening. Saturday morning Mr. E. B. Welch, President of the County Society, and one of the veteran sheep breeders of this section, drove us over his farm, and we had a chance to see his breeding flock. The flock had of course all been shorn, and we had no chance to see their fleeces; but the breeding ewes were looking fine, and as for the party of lambs with them they were uncommonly good ones. Two buck lambs we have marked down for good ones, and will be surprised if they are not. Then a party of yearling bucks were looked over in another pasture, and in the orchard we found the two rams now at the head of the flock, Little Giant 831, bred by Mr. Welch, sired by G. F. Martin (385) dam G. F. Martin (178), by Robin Hood Jr. [388]. G. F. Martin (375) was sired by Little Monitor [161]. The other ram is Rattler [17], also bred by Mr. Welch, and sired by Martin's (190), he by Monitor [161], dam No. (156), bred by G. F. Martin, and sired by Robin Hood [188]. This ram was sold when a lamb to Mr. Curtis Young, of Kalamazoo County, who retained him for two years. Mr. Welch saw him and also some of his stock, and I never rested until he had purchased him back. He is now three years old, and this season sheared a fleece of thirty pounds with a staple 32 inches in length. He is a large sheep, big boned, short-necked, splendid back and loin, and with a width between his forelegs that gives ample room for a fine pair of lungs. He is a little coarse about the head, but this was aided by his being shorn, and when in full fleece it would not be noticed. In form we think him a model, and we hope to see him at the next State shearing to see how he will compare with other first-rates. Both these rams are straight Attwood.

The country around Paw Paw is especially adapted to sheep, and they must always be the leading stock. Most of the farmers realize this, and there are a number of good flocks, thoroughbred and grades, in the vicinity. There are few pleasanter spots in Michigan, to our mind, than the country surrounding the pretty little town of Paw Paw.

MICHIGAN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE BULLETIN NO. III.

The Black Wheat Stalk Isoosoma. *Isoosoma Nigrum* N. S. PROF. A. J. COOK.

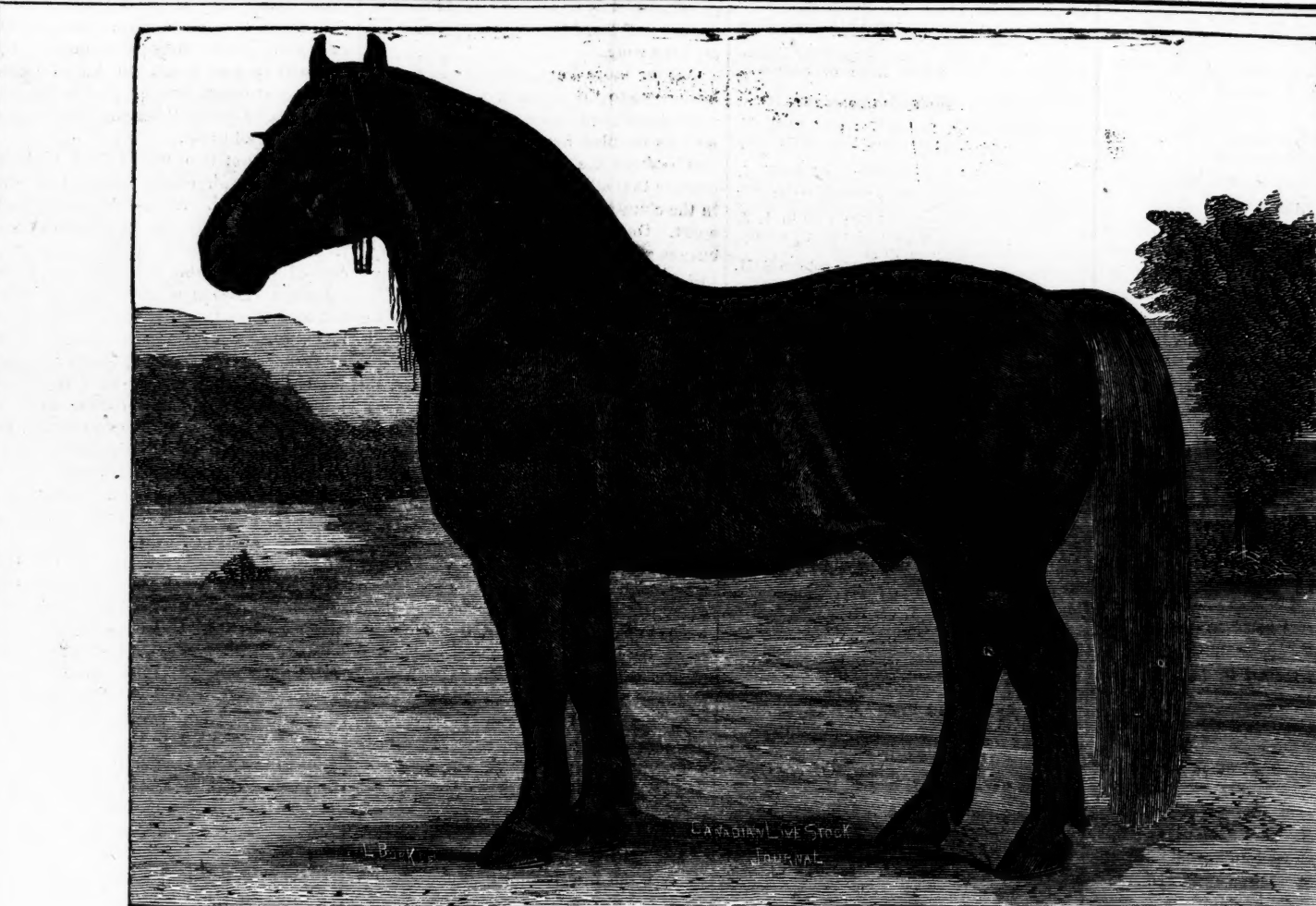
Early last autumn, I received from Mr. Wm. Deyo, of Denton, Wayne County, Michigan, specimens of wheat straw which contained from five to sixteen larvae of a four-winged (Hymenopterous) fly. The portion attacked was usually near a joint; but might be anywhere along the internode, and was found above every joint, though very rarely above the highest one. The immediate region of attack was creased and deformed, (Fig. 1).

Fig. 1.-Black dots show place of exit of fly.

though not swollen, and was very hard, so that to cut it, except with a very sharp knife, was difficult. At this portion of the stalk, which was usually from three c. m. (one and a fifth inch) to five c. m. (two inches) long, the straw was not hollow but solid throughout. By cutting into this deformed straw, the yellowish-white larvae were found in oval cells. These cells were about four m. (.16 of an inch) long. I published an account of this fact in several papers of Michigan and other States, (see *Country Gentleman*, Vol. 49, p. 817) asking for further information. In response to these inquiries, I received several communications from Wayne and Washtenaw Counties, Michigan, in both of which the insect worked extensively.

So far as I can learn the insect has never been noticed before; and as the hardened pieces of straw break off in threshing and come out of the machine with the grain, their presence could hardly escape attention. Mr. I. S. Vandervort, of Ypsilanti, Michigan, to whom I am indebted for many specimens, says the attack was quite general in Washtenaw County, and that the short straws in the grain had been noticed and commented upon by many farmers who had not even mistrusted that insects had anything to do with it. At our Farmers' Institute held at Plymouth, in January, I found hardly a farmer who had not been vexed by the small pieces of straw, yet not one had discovered the cause.

In the *Country Gentleman*, Vol. 49, p. 837, Prof. J. A. Lintner refers to similar attacks of wheat in New York, and says the cause is the same species that has done so much damage in Illinois and south-Isoosoma tritici; yet from the brief description, I think it far more likely that



Imported Percheron Stallion Marquis, the Property of Hiram Walker & Sons, Walkerville, Ont.

Isoosoma nigrum is the insect which is doing the damage in New York. The farmers in Wayne and Washtenaw Counties are not sure that the damage was very great, but all reported the wheat yield below their expectations. Prof. Lintner estimated the loss in New York to be from 60 to 75 per cent in such stalks as were attacked.

DESCRIPTION.

Isoosoma nigrum, N. sp. Female (Fig. 5). Length of body, 4.4 m. m.; expanse of wing, 6.5 m. m.; greatest width of anterior, 1.1 wing m. m.; antennae sub-clavate, somewhat pilose, reach to middle of thorax. The scape is a little less hairy, and as long as the two following joints together. The fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh joints sub-equal. Ten of the eleven joints are plainly marked, when viewed with a hand-glass. Head and thorax, black, dull, punctate, rugose and covered, though not densely, with fine gray hairs. Abdomen, shining black, polished, sparsely hairy; as long as head and thorax together, and larger than thorax. The antennae, including scape, mouth parts, head, abdomen and thorax, except a small, rounded, light-colored spot on the pronotum, just back of the eyes, are pitchy black. The trochanters, femora, middle and posterior tibiae, black. The anterior tibiae, tibio-femoral joints, one-third of distal end of anterior femora, and tarsi are yellowish brown. In some cases, the distal ends of the tarsi are dusky. The legs are thickly pilose. The wing veins are honey yellow, and extend to outer third of wing. Sub-marginal vein three times as long as marginal; marginal nearly twice as long as post-marginal; and stigmal sub-equal. Described from more than 100 specimens. Wings in all perfect. Variations very slight. The eggs (Fig. 2) are white; 75 to 100 in number; 1 m. m. long; and each with a pedicel two-and-one-half times as long as the egg.

Fig. 2.

In number; 1 m. m. long; and each with a pedicel two-and-one-half times as long as the egg.

MALE.- (Fig. 6) length of body 3 m. m.; expanse 5.5 m. m.; greatest width of front wing 1.3 m. m.; antennae sub-cylindrical; longer than in the female; with more and longer hairs; the last seven joints sub-equal. Thorax and abdomen as in the female, except that the pronotal spot is wanting or very obscure; the abdomen slightly peduncled, shorter and harder than the thorax. Coloration of body and appendages same as in female. Venation similar to that of female. The wings in both sexes are margined with hairs, which are rather coarse along the marginal and post-marginal veins. The general surface of the wings shows numerous short hairs. The males are nearly as

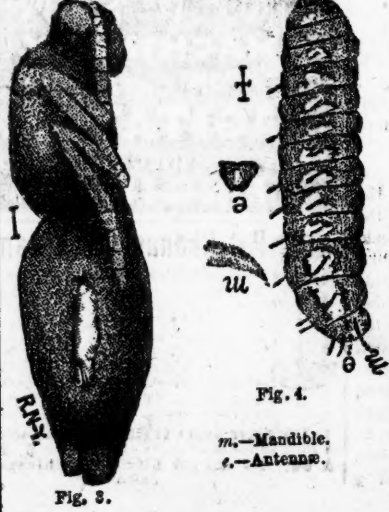


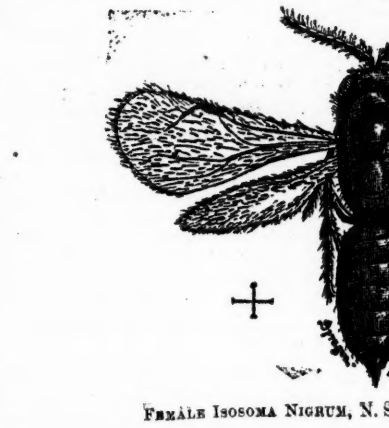
Fig. 5. m.-Mandible, c.-Antennae.

numerous as the females and all have perfect wings. LARVA.-The larva (Fig. 4) is yellowish white; length 4 m. m.; jaws dark, without teeth. The antennae are short, one-jointed, tubercles of the same color as the body. Very few hairs. Stigmata very obscure.

PUPA (Fig. 3).-In autumn and winter white; in late spring black. Length 4.1 m. m.; male 3.3 m. m. In autumn the wing pads are very indistinct, hardly visible; but in spring they are plainly marked.

COMPARED WITH OTHER SPECIES.

This insect is very different from the *I. tritici* (Riley), in being larger, in its black scape in antennae, black mesonotum, black coxae, light instead of yellow pronotal spot; the numerous males, and the fact that all are winged. These work to the number of from five to fifteen at one place in wheat stems, instead of one or two, and the stalk solidifies. The larva has



FEMALE ISOOSOMA NIGRUM, N. SP. (Magnified 10 Diam.) Fig. 5.

No teeth on its mandibles, and only one joint to the tubercle-like antennae. It differs from *I. grande* (Riley), but little in size; but in other respects the points of difference are much as above.

From the old joint worm of Fitch (*I. hordei*, Fitch), it differs in being larger, in having a black scape to antenna, black mouth parts, and in working in greater numbers in a single straw to solidify, in not forming a swelling and in working any where on the internodes of the straw. From *I. elymi* (French) it differs in being much larger, and the legs are not so fully fuscous. *I. elymi* works in grass,



MALE ISOOSOMA NIGRUM, N. SP. (Magnified 10 Diam.) Fig. 6.

which is probably true also of this species, yet they must be quite distinct, as shown by sizes.

NATURAL HISTORY.

From what we know of related species, and from the fact that all the internodes (spaces between the joints) are attacked, or receive eggs, it is quite certain that the eggs are laid late in May and in June. By September the larvae are matured. I

found several pupae in the cells of the straw on September 16. I found a few larvae in January. It would seem, then, that a few of the insects pass the winter in the larval state. Specimens kept in a warm room all winter, commenced to leave the cells in the wheat stalk, as mature insects, on March 22. At that date a male and female appeared. Each succeeding day ever since from two to eight have appeared. From straw kept in a cold room during the winter, no flies have appeared until April 20. It is likely that in the common out-door temperature they would not come forth from the pupa state till May. This point can be easily settled in the field in the coming season. This and the date and method of laying will have to wait determination till the insects can be studied in the field the coming May. The method of oviposition is undoubtedly much like that of *I. grande* and *I. tritici*, as described by Mr. F. M. Webster (see Report Department of Agri-

fields should have been much larger. They could not account for the diminished yield except by the presence of this insect, which was very common, as seen in the numerous hardened pieces of straw which came from the machine. It is therefore greatly to be feared that this new pest will become a serious enemy to successful wheat raising, especially as from a large number I have reared but a single parasite, which as yet is undetermined. Even if it becomes very destructive, it is more than probable that parasites will soon attack it, and that, like the joint worm, *Isoosoma hordei*, it will after a time become powerless to work very serious mischief.

REMEDIES.

The remedies for this evil are very apparent. As the insects are in the straw from the date of cutting till the following May, it becomes very apparent that by cutting the wheat high, in which case nearly all the insects will remain in the stubble, and then burning the latter, all these will be destroyed. In case there is much green vegetation, it would be better to cut the stubble low before burning. If short pieces of the straw are found in the grain, these should be cleaned out and burned. From experiments made in the laboratory, by burying the straws in sand, and the insects still coming out, I doubt if plowing under will prove a very thorough remedy. As these have good, fully-developed wings, rotation of crops would not serve as well to protect against this insect, as it would in case of *I. tritici* and *I. grande*.

The drawings were made from life by my special student in entomology, C. P. Gillett.

PROBABLE HARM.

If we may judge from the related insects, *Isoosoma hordei*, (see Fitch, 7th report, p. 162) or *Isoosoma tritici* (see Forbes 13th report, State Entomological Illinois, p. 30, and Riley Report, United States Department of Agriculture, 1881-2, p. 183), we may be quite certain that the damage from this insect may become formidable. If, as I think, the insects referred to by Prof. Lintner, are of this species, then we have positive evidence

that they lessen the yield of wheat very materially. Indeed, we can hardly believe that so many larvae can draw from the juices of the stalk without doing it serious injury. The hardening of the stalk can but retard circulation of sap, and must interfere decidedly with the growth and development of the berry. Several farmers have told me that from appearances the yield of grain in their

culture, 1884, page 383), and Dr. C. V. Riley in the same volume, page 338.

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PENCIL SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

"On the Wings" Notes in Livingston County-Continuation of His Rambles among the Farmers.

At the farm of Hon. Louis Meyer of Brighton, we saw a well regulated poultry yard, filled with many of the popular breeds of fowls, of which he makes a speciality. His stock includes chickens, Bronze turkeys, Toulouse geese and Pekin and Rouen ducks. In other stock we saw a party of registered Merino ewes, purchased from Hon. Wm. Ball. His stock ram is four years old, and was bred by Wm. D. Smith of Ocoola Center, in this county.

C. Jacobs lives also in the town of Brighton, on the main driving road, has a farm of 80 acres, a handsome little house for a home, and one of the best built barns to be found in the county. It is 38x50, with 18 foot posts and a basement nine feet in the clear, arranged for stabling sheep and cattle; his horse barn, a good one, he has built by itself. It is one of the best in arrangement, manner of building and material in the county. The granary, in size 12x35 feet, is roomy and convenient. In stock are some good grade cattle, 115 grade sheep and a stock ram purchased from E. A. Hubbell of Hartland; also several varieties of poultry.

Frank E. Smith is east of and in the village limits, and has a grand good stock farm of 140 acres. He has lived there for a good many years, has a lot of high grade Shorthorns, almost equal to thoroughbreds, and a flock of sheep that are fairly graded up. He has a pair of rangy three and four-year-old Clydes, that hook up finely, are splendid travelers, have good feet and limbs, and will weigh about 3,000 lbs. Mr. Smith has used a thoroughbred Shorthorn bull for years. His present one is Victoria Duke, bred by Charles Fishbeck of Howell, is two years old, by Lord Raspberry 2d 48683, out of Rose of Lakeside 2d, by Sir Francis 18803, etc., running to imp. Victoria, by Swiss Boy (12164). He is a splendid animal, square and straight, good handler, and is proving a good sire.

D. Terhune, of Hartland, has a small farm of 117 acres, but keeps on it some good stock, as we notice a large flock of well graded sheep, and a good registered stock ram, bred by E. Kellogg, numbered 149, and got by his No. 87, a number of highly graded Shorthorns, and a thoroughbred three-year-old, bred by Charles Fishbeck. He is named Bolivar, was got by Prince Royal 2d, 36626, out of Little of Lakeside, by Rambler 37599, etc., tracing to imp. Victoria, by Swiss Boy (12164). Last but not least we see, after looking at the herd of Poland-Chinas, a handsome, stylish pair of four-year-old bay mares of Hambletonian breeding, that never ought to do a day's work on a farm.

In the town of Ocoola we find some of the best land to be found in the county, it being heavier than most we saw, and well adapted for wheat, yet it is a good grass town, and as a sequence we find in it many good flocks of registered sheep and thoroughbred cattle, there being of the former about 500 head within a radius of two miles from the center of the town, as well as several herds of Shorthorns, all of which we intend to visit on this trip.

Robert Browning has 140 acres in his farm, has a fine house and good barns, and is something of an admirer of good stock, for in his yard we find the four-year-old Leah, bred by B. F. Batchelor, got by Young Mary Prince 34158, out of Roxie 3d, by Ocoola 17888; of her produce we find a yearling bull by Young Mary Duke 45237, and a red heifer calf by same that we consider one of the best we have seen in the county. She is a perfect little beauty, lines straight as could be drawn, handsome head, clean face, broad in the loin, heavy brisket, sound and plump as an apple, and of much promise. We find her owner as well pleased with her as your special.

Vincent Parshall has 160 acres in his farm, and at same time is largely interested in business in the village of Hartland, owning a grist and saw mill, both doing a large business. His home and farm are pleasant and productive, his large flock of sheep are grades, bred from good registered frames, his horses and colts in fine condition, and his herd of cattle all high grades with the exception of a Shorthorn female and her produce. In the fall of 1883 he purchased the thoroughbred Sprightly 2d as a six year old from her breeder, B. F. Batchelor. She was got by Ocoola 17888, out of Sprightly by Ocoola. Her produce is a very likely roan bull calf, dropped Feb. 17th, 1884. He was got by Young Mary Duke, is a good, compact animal, and is developing well. We find him and all the stock on this farm are in splendid condition, and with the good judgment shown by Mr. P. in his case of stock, these two animals should be the nucleus of a still larger herd.

Myron Curry has a noble farm of 280 acres, upon which he has spent nearly 40 years of his life, during which time he has made many improvements, for his farm is well fenced, the buildings all first-class, and what pleased us much is the fact that he has been a subscriber of the FARMER for many years, for on a table we find the numbers of 1854, with marks of careful perusing. We find him to be one of the intelligent farmers of whom we find so many on our routes. In stock we see a flock of 300 grade sheep and numerous head of high-grade cattle are in the yards and in sleek condition. We noticed four head of "red polled" cattle, quite an unusual sight in this county, where the grand old Shorthorn has so long flourished. This home is also a pleasant one and our reception warm one.

ON THE WING.

will let them go until they run out, which will be in two or three years. The year before they must be plowed up, set another strip, and the crop is continuous, which is a necessity when the appetite for berries is once established. A few

erly protected and cared for will produce large crops of fruit. A plum orchard well cared for by those who understand its wants, is quite as profitable as any other fruit orchard.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

grow too closely. Pruning the ends or the main shoots will cause them to throw out more branches and induce greater fruitfulness. Vines having all the leaves exposed to the light and air, and well furnished with branches cannot easily have too great a supply of manure for their roots.—*Vick's Magazine*.

frames, were not deprived of this, but sugar until they had sufficient stores winter. My idea was that the sugar would be stored in the centre of the hive and would be consumed during the winter while the honey, being in the corners

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beating, 64
Helen Wang
Inverville, 6

With complexion like the rose
And the snow,
Due to powder on her nose,
I suppose,
She twirls upon her toes
In abbreviated clothes
And exhibits spangled hose
To the beaus.

When cruel time bestows
Adulthood,
Fairy parts and all those
She outgrows.
And murmuring goes
To the very hindmost rows,
To pirouettes and poses
With the "crowns."

When life frayed and faded grows,
Like her how,
She in garters sits and sews
Furb lows
Till her weary eyelids close
In the peace of death's repose.
Is she reaping what she sows?
Heaven knows.

—Lippincott.

ABE LINCOLN'S COUSIN

The Man Who Taught the Martyr How
to Read—A Veteran Kentuckian—A
Read—A Very Interesting Story.

Few know that the boyhood partner
Lincoln still lives at the age of eighty-
years in an Illinois town. This man
to the great liberator, was his boy-
hood teacher and guide, and knew
more of "Honest Abe" than any man
of the present generation. He is now
alive or dead. His reminiscences of
boyhood never having been published
to my knowledge, will be of interest
to the readers of the *Journal*, and will
much to the future historian.

I found him hale and erect, ready to
count for the benefits of a younger gen-
eration the incidents which marked the
youth of the martyred President. His
name is Dennis Hanks, and he is a coun-
ty to Lincoln. Uncle Dennis, as he is called,
is a typical Kentuckian, born in Har-
rison County, 1799. His face is sun-bronzed
and plowed with furrows of time; a ro-
und mouth, with firm grip of the jaw
blade forehead above a pair of unweary-
able eyes. The eyes seem of placed
the weary, faded face; they glow a
flash like two diamond sparks set
ridges of dull gold. The face is a serious
one, but the play of light in the eyes, un-
quenched by time, betrays the nature
of sunshine and elate life. A side-
glance at the profile shows a face strikingly
Lincoln like, prominent cheek bones,
temples, nose and chin; but best of
that twinkling droop in the eye that
flashed in the White House during the
dark days of the civil war. To our ques-
tion he replied cheerily:

"Certainly, certainly, sir, I'll talk
to you about Abe. I kin talk, too, bein'
I am the only livin' man that knows
about him."

"How old was Mr. Lincoln when you
first met him?"

"About twenty-four hours—hardly
that. I recollect I run all the way, over
two miles, to see Nancy Hanks's baby.
'Twas common then for connection
to gather in them days to see new
babies. Her name was Nancy Hanks
before she married Thomas Lincoln. I
the wee one a minute. I was ten years old
and it tickled me to hold the pulpy, red
little Lincoln."

"When did you move to Indiana?"

"When Abe was about nine. Mr. Lin-
coln moved first, and built a camp
brush in Spencer County. We came over
a year later, and he then had a cabin up
and he gave us the shanty. On this spot
Abe grew to manhood."

"How far apart were your cabins?"

"About fifteen rods. Abe killed a tur-
key the day we got there, an' couldn't get
through telling about it. The name was
pronounced Linkhorn by the folks there.
We was all uneducated. After a spell
we learned better."

"In the 'Life of Lincoln,' published
after his nomination, it is stated that you
taught him to read."

"Yes, sir, I did. I taught him to spell
read and cipher. He knew his letters
pretty well, but no more. His mother
taught him his letters. If ever there was
a 'good woman' on earth she was one—
a true Christian of the Baptist Church; but
she died soon after we arrived, and he
him without a teacher; his father couldn't
read a word."

"Is it possible he had no schooling?"

"Only about one quarter, scarcely a
line. I then set in to help him; I didn't know
much, but I did the best I could."

"What books did he read first?"

"Webster's speller. When I got him
through that I only had a copy of Indian
statutes. Then he got hold of a book, can't
recollect the name, maybe you kin
if I tell you something it was in it. I
told a yarn about a fellow, a nigger
suthin, that sailed a bathtub up to a rock
and the rock was magnetized and drew
the nalle out of his boat and he got
duckin', or drowned, or suthin, I forgot
now."

"That is the story of Sinbad in the
Arabian Nights."

"That's it, that's the book. Abe would
lay on the floor with a chair under his
head and laugh over them 'Arabian Nights'
by the hour. I told him it was likely
from end to end, but he learned to read
right well in it."

"Had he any other books?"

"Yes; I borrowed for him a 'Life
Washington' and the 'Speeches of Hon.
Clay.' They had a powerful influence
on him. He told me afterwards in the White
House he wanted to live like Washington.
His speeches show that, but the other
book did the most amazing work. I
was a Democrat, like his father and all
us, when he began to read it. When
closed it he was a Whig, heart and soul,
and he went step by step till he became
leader of the Republicans."

I meditated a moment here on the
man's story. Was ever anything so
strange, so suggestive? This rude back-
woodsman blindly had turned with
cheap book the current of the mighty
life in modern times. What sand-
creatures we are. How we juggle with
destiny. How God uses us with band-
ages to work out His high behests. What
Hanks said that Whig book in that boy-
hood hands he builded better than he knew.

IS IT POSSIBLE?

Report comes that General Grant's im-
proved condition is due to the fact that he
is using a "simple vegetable preparation"
forwarded by one of our consuls from
South America, and sent him by the Sur-
geon General! Is this possible? By an
"unauthorized" remedy? Shocking!

And yet, if this "simple vegetable prepa-
ration" were owned and advertised by
any one as a specific for this terrible dis-
ease, certainly the Surgeon General would
not commend it, nor would bigoted physi-
cians prescribe it!

Nevertheless, it is a fact that many of
the best proprietary medicines of the day,
as the late Dr. J. G. Holland stated in
Scientific Monthly, were more successful
than many physicians, and most of them,
it should be remembered, were at first dis-
covered or used in actual medical practice.

When, however, any shrewd persons,
knowing of their virtue and foreseeing
their popularity, secured and advertised
them, then, in the opinion of the bigoted,
all virtue went out of them!

Isn't this absurd!

We believe that a remedy, if properly
made, is just as effective when put up,
advised and sold in bulk, as when doled
out to patients at enormous expense by
their physicians.

Why not?

If General Grant is getting better
through a simple unauthorized vegetable
preparation where is the vaunted exclu-
sive skill of the medical profession!

Apologies of the suspension of some very
prominent members by the Medical and
Chirurgical faculty of Maryland, for en-
dorsing advertised remedies, the *Balti-
more American* (April 25) says that
"when a patent medicine goes on year
after year widening its circle of believers,
it is pretty fair evidence that there is
merit in it. The regular doctors may
ignore it, and expel any of their members
who use it, but when they do so their
action looks more like envy against a suc-
cessful remedy than a true desire to protect
the public." The failure in the Garfield
and Grant cases, the *American* thinks,
and properly, has knocked professional
pretensions higher than a kite.

But this is not a singular instance of un-
professional power over "incurable dis-
eases." That "simple vegetable prepa-
ration" now everywhere known as Warner's
safe cure, was once an authorized remedy;
was pronounced a "god send" to the
medical profession for the cure of kidney
and liver disorders, malaria, general debility,
spring feebleness, female irregularities,
etc., by many leading physicians, but
when the formula was fully perfected,
and the medicine was put up in bulk and
advised so that every sufferer might
know of it and treat himself, then the pro-
fession turned upon it and let their pa-
tients die rather than to use it!

This is certainly a strange proceeding,
but it is on a level with all the rules and
regulations of a code which has gone so
far as to forbid a physician displaying be-
yond a certain size his name and profes-
sion upon his sign!

But the world moves, and merit wins
the fight.

A New Use for Old Leather.

We have been told that old boots and
shoes are converted into Jamaica rum,
but another and more legitimate use has
been found for them. A foreman in a
wall-paper factory discourses thus to the
reporter of a New York paper. We buy
all the old boots and shoes that the scav-
engers can bring us. We pay different
prices for the different qualities of leather.
A pair of fine calfskin boots will bring as
high as 15 cents. No, we don't buy cow-
hide boots. The boots and shoes are first
soaked in several waters to get the dirt
from them. Then the nails and thread
are removed and the leather is ground up
into a fine pulp and is ready to use.
Haven't you seen the embossed leather
paperings which have come into fashion
lately? And the stamped leather or
screens? They are really nothing but this
thick paper covered with a layer of the
pressed leather pulp. The finer the quality
of the leather the better it takes the
color and the designs painted on them.
Fashionable people think they are going
away back to medieval times when they
have the walls of their libraries and dining
rooms covered with embossed leather.
They don't know that the shoes and boots,
which their neighbors threw into the ash
barrel a month before form the beautiful
material on their walls and on the screens
which protect their eyes from the sun.
We could buy the old shoes cheaper if it
were not for the competition from pic-
ture frame makers. I don't know how
many other trades use old shoes and boots,
but the tops of carriages are largely made
of them ground up and pressed into
sheets. Book binders use them in making
the cheaper forms of leather bindings,
and the new styles of leather frames with
leather mats in them are entirely made of
the cast-off covering of our feet.

MASTONES.—The stones mentioned are
about the size of a hen's egg, and are
slightly flattened. They are of buff color,
and are as smooth on the surface as a
marble. They are said to be the forma-
tions found in the bladders of deer in a
high, dry climate, where there is not a
fall supply of water and the water drank
is impregnated with limestone. They are
porous and possess strong absorbent
qualities. The stones are applied to
wounds of a poisonous nature, to which
they adhere, and as the virus is drawn
from the flesh the stones turn black. They
are then washed in tepid water or milk,
and as long as they stick to a wound there
is said to be poison in the blood, and are
credited with making many remarkable
cures, though doubtless their virtue has
been greatly exaggerated.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is made only by C. L.
Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. It
is prepared with the greatest skill and care,
under the direction of the men who origi-
nated it. Hence Hood's Sarsaparilla may be
depended upon as strictly pure, honest and re-
liable.

laid before the families of the couple,
with the intermediary spoken of, as ar-
bitrators, and neither the man nor the
woman can be released from the marriage
vow without their concurrence.

As divorce must result in the sending
of the wife back to the father for support,
separations, except for a grave and suffi-
cient reason, are not easily obtained. The
position of a wife, and especially of a
mother, in Japan is all that a true woman
can desire. It is not the custom, except
on special occasions, for women to mingle
socially with men who are not of their
own family by blood or marriage. This
restriction is not imposed by the legal law
alone, it is a part of the family organiza-
tion and by the family imposed for the
promotion of morality and good order in
society. Nothing can exceed the beauty
and harmony of the Japanese home. Dis-
respect and disobedience to parents are
rare, and we have often been compelled
to contrast the family discipline of Japan
with that of our own, much to our morti-
fication.

The Japanese, like the French, do not
seem disposed to emigrate; nor do they
considerable number seek other than tem-
porary employment outside of their own
country. There are in the United States
west of the Rocky Mountains a few more
than a hundred Japanese. Of these, over
half are government officials and their
families, students and heads of mercantile
houses, nearly all belonging to the fam-
ilies of the old feudal aristocracy. Many
of those employed as salesmen in the
Japanese shops are also descendants of
these families. It may have been ob-
served that the Japanese show irritation and
annoyance at their being mistaken for
Chinese in this country; but it being once
known that the Chinese here are exclusi-
vely from the lower classes, except in the
case of government officials, their resent-
ment of this mistake cannot be wondered at.

Concerning the morals of the women
of Japan, much that has been written and
spoken is false. We venture to say that
a majority of those who are most severe
in their adverse criticism never entered
the house of a Japanese of the better class
or spent 15 minutes in the presence of a
Japanese lady. Japan has provided a
university which compares favorably with
many in our own country in breadth and
scope, and every day sees a step in ad-
vance of the old position, along the lines
on which Europe and America are march-
ing towards sound scholarship. The young
Japanese who are pursuing their
studies here are studious, attentive and
successful. It is the testimony of their
instructors, that they stand side by side
with our young men and in some in-
stances outstrip them, and this is done
under the disadvantage of study and re-
citation in a new language. Within a
month a Japanese, Dr. Yokura, won both
medals in a class of 32 members in the
Veterinary College in this city—the first
prize for scholarship and the first for the
sis.

How a Treaty was Made.

During the French conquest of Algeria
negotiations for peace were entered upon
with the sheik of certain Arab tribes,
and a meeting for the settlement of terms
was arranged to take place at the French
headquarters. The French officers re-
ceived their guests of the desert with
great hospitality, and a banquet was given
in their honor. At this the utmost splen-
dor was unfolded in order to dazzle their
eyes and captivate their simple minds.
At its conclusion and adjournment to a
large hall was proposed. Here M. Houdin
the celebrated conjurer, who accompanied
the French forces, was to give them an
exhibition of his skill, which to them
seemed supernatural. They stared in
open-mouthed wonder at all the tricks
that were performed, and a feeling of
awe crept over them as they saw the mys-
terious appearances and disappearings of
various objects. But the greatest marvel
to them was the apparent manufacture of
cannon balls. The conjurer passed
around among them a high hat. This
they examined very carefully, but with-
out being able to discover anything un-
usual in either its make or appearance.
When it was returned to him M. Houdin
placed it on the floor in the middle of the
stage in full view of his audience. He
then proceeded to take from that hat can-
non balls apparently without number,
and rolled them across the floor into the
wings. This terminated the performance.
The chiefs consulted among themselves,
and came to the conclusion that it was
useless to oppose an army that could turn
out its ammunition in so easy a manner.
They therefore signed the required treaty,
and departed to tell their friends in the
desert of the wonderful power of the in-
vaders.—*Harper's Magazine*.

The Japanese.

Dr. D. B. Sommons, who has lived in
Japan 25 years, writing to the *New York
Mail and Express*, says:

Japan was well advanced in civilization
when her ports were opened to the world,
and her customs and institutions were
not only worthy of study but in many
cases of imitation by nations who looked
on her seemingly from a vantage ground
of Christianity and culture. On no point
has there been greater misunderstanding
than in regard to the family and its re-
lations. Polygamy never existed. Con-
cubinage, which was formerly recognized,
was confined mostly to the princes and
nobles, for the avowed purpose of secur-
ing perpetuity to the family in the male
line.

Early betrothals have never been as
general in Japan as in other Eastern
countries and they are now decreasing
yearly. Marriages are arranged by the
respective parents assisted by a man and
his wife (mutual friends of the families)
as an intermediary. Contrary to the usual
notion on this subject, the wishes of
the young people are generally consulted.
The statement sometimes made that the
wife in Japan is a mere chattel to be
lightly acquired or disposed of is abso-
lutely false. Divorces among the better
classes are scarcely more frequent or more
frequently sought for than in many parts
of our own country. Our tricky divorce
lawyer would starve in Japan. If a di-
vorce is demanded, the matter must be

to speak on too short acquaintance. For-
give me, and place it to the account of
my love."

Marcia covered her face with her hands.
"Oh, no, no," she cried; "it would be
wicked. Think what I am. I have noth-
ing in common with the ladies you—"

Roland Ashton intercepted her.
"If that is all you have to say, we will
imagine it and answered. "And he
managed to obtain possession of the rest-
less little hands and held them fast in his
own, while he went on, quietly: "If you
can raise your thoughtful eyes to mine
and say these words, 'I cannot be your
wife, Roland Ashton, because I can never
love you,' I will take that for an answer,
and go away, and leave you. Can you
say them?"

The girl raised her eyes once, twice,
to the face so near her own, and tried to
speak; but no sounds came from her lips.
The young man, still looking at the
sky, sweet face, said once more, with in-
finite tenderness in his voice:
"Can you say those words, Marcia?"

Poor lonely girl! she looked at him, and
shook her head.

A grave smile dawned on his face.
"Then you will be my wife!" he cried,
masterfully, and did the only thing possi-
ble for him to do—took the little figure,
in the shabby print dress, in his arms, and
drew her close to him, whispering sweet
words of love and comfort while he softly
stroked the beautiful hair, and pressed
kisses after kisses on the white eyelids,
the cheeks, so brightly flushed now, and the
quivering little lips.

And Marcia—who had thought so
bitterly, a little while ago, of the old child-
ish play of "making believe" she was
beautiful, and rich, and happy—was she
not all these, and much more? Was she
not beloved? In her innocence and per-
fect trust, she rested in her lover's arms,
without a shadow to mar her perfect hap-
piness, till the thought of Aunt Austin
came to her, and she started up, exclaim-
ing:

"I must go home. Aunt will be so
angry."

It was of no use to try and detain her
after that; and as the young man folded
the worn gray shawl around her, he said:
"You are my promised now," stopping
to emphasize the short sentence, after the
manner of lovers; "and I am going home
with you to tell Aunt Austin."

And he laughed a little at the thought
of his future relative.

"Why need you tell her to-night?"
asked Marcia, frightened at the very
thought of such a thing. "You have no
idea how angry she will be, and she will
talk dreadfully to me."

"No, she will not, my darling; for
when we reach the house, I want you to
go upstairs to your own room, and let me
speak with her alone, will you?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Marcia, quick-
ly. "I shall be only too glad to be out
of hearing."

Marcia never knew what passed be-
tween her aunt and her lover on that mem-
orable evening; but half an hour after
her return to the house, she heard her
aunt's shrill voice at the foot of the stairs,
calling:

"Marcia!"

When she answered, the elder lady
whispered to say:

"Come down, now. Mr. Ashton wants
to say good night to you."

Marcia thought her lover looked a little
pale in the early twilight; but as he placed
his arm around her in the shady porch, he
said, tenderly:

"Our marriage will take place one
month from to-day, my darling. Your
aunt has given her consent, and I foresee
we are to be the best of friends."

"Was she angry?" whispered Marcia.

"I think she was a little upset at first,
but it is all over now. I am sorry I must
say good-night to you so soon; but I am
promised to be at Riverton by six o'clock,
and it is past that time already."

"Good-night, Mr. Ashton."

"I must stop long enough, however,
to teach you to say good-night to me pro-
perly," he said, in a very sober tone.
"You must try again now, and see if you
cannot do better."

grand old mountain, to the little lake,
resting like a gem among the hills beyond.
Her first care, however, was to have
everything in readiness for her delicate
cousin. She it was who brushed and band-
aged the helpless Jane's fair hair, and fast-
ened the dainty knot of blue ribbon there-
in; helped to arrange the dress of pale-
blue delaine the young lady had selected
for the warm October day. Her hands,
also, packed the luncheon-basket, and pre-
pared early breakfast for her cousin. All
this she did with a choking sense of in-
justice. She said to herself, over and over
again: "It is not fair; I ought to be al-
lowed to go. And to think it's carpet-rags
(that I shall have to toil over, of all things!)
I hate carpet-rags!"

In the midst of it all, she wondered if
Mr. Ashton would go to the picnic.
After Miss Austin had safely started, in
company with her escort, the young doctor
from Riverton, Mrs. Austin brought all
the powers of her mind to bear on the
carpet-rag question. Numerous—I had al-
most said numberless—skins were hang-
ing in the old garret; some to be dyed
yellow, some blue, some green, and others
black and tan colors. She had decided on
coloring enough for thirty yards of car-
peting on this glorious autumn day, and of
course Marcia must help. The girl had
got her living to earn, and it wouldn't do
for her to think she must be treated like
Jane.

So Marcia obediently obeyed her aunt's
directions. She dipped great skeins of rags
in warm water; she wrung them out and
placed them in the huge brass
kettle, to scald or boil, as the
different cases required; and she washed
them in strong soapuds or clear water,
whichever her aunt ordered. Her head
ached badly but Mrs. Austin did not be-
lieve in headaches (her head never ached),
and so the tiresome work went on. The
board fence at the back of the orchard
showed dozens of skeins of many-colored
rags, and still there were dozens more to
do.

About three o'clock in the afternoon,
however, Marcia's strength failed, and she
tumbled, and so nearly fell to the floor,
that Mrs. Ashton showed the innate kind-
ness of her heart, by exclaiming: "I
want to know if you ain't beat out?
What's the matter with you?"

"My head aches dreadfully, but I think
it is the green dye that makes me so faint.
May I go out of doors for a little while?"

"I suppose you'll have to if you are go-
ing to look like that," answered motherly
Mrs. Austin, adding, "Maybe you'll
meet Mr. Ashton again, if you walk to-
wards Riverton."

The poor child's face flushed at the un-
kind taunt; but she answered, slowly:

"I am going towards Riverton at all.
I am going up to the orchard."

"Well, I don't care which way you go,
only put a shawl around you, or you'll
catch cold, after washing those rags out
of the hot soapuds."

So Marcia threw an old shawl around
her slender shoulders, took down the heavy
coil of hair to ease her throbbing head,
and walked slowly towards the woods.

"After all, I am going to have a picnic
in the woods, all to myself, too," she
thought, bitterly. "I can do as I used to,
when I was a little girl, make believe I am
rich, and beautiful, and happy. Oh, dear!
oh, dear! how wretched I am!"

She felt an odd sense of suffocation in
her throat; and when she reached the
friendly shelter of the trees, she leaned
against one of the old mossy trunks, and
sobbed aloud.

Roland Ashton did not go to the picnic;
and it so happened that afternoon he
had decided to shorten the distance be-
tween his home and Riverton by crossing
the fields; and Mrs. Ashton's orchard was
in his direct line of march. So, he saw
the childish figure in the old gray shawl,
with the beautiful hair falling loosely
around the little shoulders, and heard the
heavy sobs. It touched his heart in-
expressibly. "Poor, poor child!" he said
to himself.

Marcia heard the slight rustle in the
first fallen leaves, and looking up, saw
the dark eyes looking down upon her,
with grave and tender interest. She drew
her shawl closer around her, and was
moving by him without a word, when he
stretched forth a detaining hand;

"Excuse me, Miss Wheeler, but do not
go away now. Are you ill? You look so
pale."

She made an effort to answer him, but
her self-command was all gone; her lips
trembled like a grief-stricken child's, and
she could not speak.

"Sit down on this old log for a few
minutes," he said, gently, "till you are a
little rested."

Poor tired Marcia, her strength seemed
to have deserted her, and she sat down.

Roland Ashton would have given much
to have sheltered her in his loving arms,
but of course that was impossible; so he
stood near, looking fondly on the fair
young head bent down before him, wait-
ing for her to speak. It was some time
before she did so, and then it was with
evident effort:

"I do not know what you will think
of me, Mr. Ashton, but I thought no one
was near, and I am tired, and my head
aches, and—I cannot help crying."

Roland Ashton sat down on the moss-
covered log beside her, thinking to him-
self:

"Now is my time, if ever, for that old
sunt guard her as the dragon guarded
the apples of the Hesperides. I have
spoken the other day when we were
alone, but I feared to frighten her. Yet
if I let this poor dear girl, I may never
get one again. Chance slip! If she will
only listen to me—only let me free her
from her slavery!"

Here he gradually approached the sub-
ject nearest to his heart. With what
fact, and feeling, and earnestness he spoke
at last need not be told. Suffice it to say
that he asked Marcia to be his wife, tell-
ing her how he had been attracted to her
from the first.

"I used to laugh at love at first sight,"
he said; "but I do so no longer; for, from
the hour I saw you in church, I felt that
you, and you alone, could make me hap-
py. I see I starve you. But I seek in
vain to meet you. You rarely go out with
your cousin, and I must speak now—I
must seize my opportunity, even if I seem

sent!" asked the young girl gentleman,
looking at the rose-bud cheeks, with a
world of admiration in his great dark
eyes.

"I should like to go, Mr. Ashton, but
I am sure aunt will not—cannot spare me.
I mean. I haven't been on the lake since
I was a little girl."

As he opened the gate for her, he said,
laughingly: "Are you not going to in-
vite me in, so that I may try my powers
of persuasion with your aunt, Miss Wheel-
er?"

Marcia stopped a moment, blushing
painfully.

"I would rather you did not say any-
thing to Aunt Austin about the picnic,
Mr. Ashton. I am sure I cannot go.
Good night." And she went swiftly to-
ward the porch.

Roland Ashton closed the gate with a
strange, new feeling in his heart. "Poor
little girl," he thought, "she dare not ask
me to come in. What a lovely face, and
what a sweet voice! I am more in love
with her than ever. My old nurse used to
say that the Ashtons were a wonderful
set for having their own way, and I mean
to have my way in regard to taking her to
the picnic. The old aunt must be hard-
hearted indeed if she resists my entreaties."

The next morning Mr. Ashton selected
"The Stones of Venice," and wended his
way to Mrs. Austin's, hoping, as he lifted
the old-fashioned knocker, that Marcia
would open the door herself. But Mrs.
Austin stood before him instead, and in
his morning greeting and inquiry, "Is
Miss Wheeler at home?" responded, frigid-
ly: "My niece is at home, out in the kit-
chen, cooking;" at the same time neither in-
viting him to enter, nor standing aside for
that purpose.

But Roland Ashton was too much a man
of the world not to feel at ease in the
lady's presence, and he answered, pleas-
antly:

"Thank you, Mrs. Austin; I shall be
pleased to see Miss Wheeler a few min-
utes. She was afraid yesterday that she
would not be able to go to the picnic on
Thursday. I think she said you expected
to be very busy."

"If Marcia told you she couldn't go to
the picnic, she told the truth. I've got
work for her to do at home, and she'll
stay and do it!" answered Mrs. Austin,
more icily than before.

This was too decided even for a lawyer
to think of arguing against; and, feeling
the picnic disposed of, he went on as
pleasantly as before, though his dark eyes
flashed and his lips tightened a little under
the heavy, black moustache:

"Then I will speak to Miss Wheeler, if
you please, to express my regrets, and
give her the books I promised to bring."

Mrs. Austin turned and walked toward
the hall to the kitchen door, and opening
it, exclaimed with polite emphasis, "Miss
Wheeler, here's a gentleman wants to see
you," at the same time standing aside for
him to enter the kitchen.

Marcia was standing before the table,
busily working eggs and sugar together,
preparatory to forming the loaves of gold
sponge cake that were to accompany
Miss Austin to the picnic on the morrow.
Miss Austin was also present in the kit-
chen, clad in blue cambric, and engaged in
crimping the frills Marcia had ironed the
day before. This was the nearest approach
to work the young lady was ever guilty of.

If Roland Ashton had thought Marcia
beautiful before, he thought her doubly
so now, with the rippling masses of pale-
brown hair gathered in a knot low down
on her white neck, the slender figure clad
in the dark-brown print dress which Mrs.
Austin considered a proper morning cos-
tume, the sleeves rolled high above the
elbows, displaying the round, white arms.
And what pretty arms they were!—so
smooth, so white, with the blue veins
showing so clearly.

"I will win that girl yet," he said to
himself, "in spite of the old ogre of an
aunt."

A vivid blush rose even to Marcia's
white forehead as she saw who the visitor
was, and she gave a quick, frightened
look at her aunt before she returned his
"Good-morning."

The young man saw plainly that this
was not the time for him to make a formal
call, and he laid the books on the table
near her, after bowing politely to Miss
Austin, and said:

"I came in to give you the books I
spoke of, and to say how sorry I am that
you cannot accompany me to the picnic—
the young lady did not seem to notice
the latter part of the sentence; but answered,
quickly:

"Thank you very much for bringing
them, Mr. Ashton."

"I was very glad to do so," was Mr.
Ashton's reply; "and I hope you will en-
joy reading them."

Then, with a low bow to each of the
three ladies, he left the house.

Mrs. Austin's knitting-needles clicked
viciously; and when the sound of retreat-
ing footsteps died away, she turned to her
niece.

"That's a dreadful polite gentleman,
ain't he? I should like to know how you
got to be so well acquainted with him."

Marcia made no answer, so her kind
relative went on:

"Do you hear me, Marcia Wheeler?"

"I am not very well acquainted
with Mr. Ashton. I saw him last night on
my way home from Riverton, and he offer-
ed to lead me the books."

"And he asked you to go to the picnic,
too, didn't he? Well, I never saw such
goings on in my young days," continued
Mrs. Austin, while the gray sock length-
ened rapidly, for Mrs. Austin's knitting
was like her temper—very quick.

Long before night Marcia wished that
Mr. Ashton had been anywhere, except on
the way from Riverton, the preceding
evening. She went to bed, worn out with
the continued fault-f

1885.

THE BALLET GIRL.

With complexion like the rose
Mild the snow,
Due to powder on her nose,
I suppose,
She twirls upon her toes
In elaborate clothes
And exhibits spangled hose
To the gaze.

When crotchet time bestows
Adipose,
Fairy parts and all those
She outgrows,
And merrily goes
To the very hindmost rows,
To pirouette and pose
With the "crows."

When life faded and grown,
Like her bows,
In her gaiters she sews
Faint lines
Till her weary eyelids close
In the peace of death's repose.
Is the reaping what she sows?
Heaven knows.

—Lippincott.

ABE LINCOLN'S COUSIN.

The Man Who Taught the Martyr How to Read—A Veteran Kentuckian—A New and Very Interesting Story.

Few know that the boyhood partner of Lincoln still lives at the age of eighty-six years in an Illinois town. This man is kin to the great liberator, was his backwoods teacher and guide, and knows more of "Honest Abe" than any man alive or dead. His reminiscences of the boy Lincoln never having been published to my knowledge, will be of interest to the readers of the *Journal*, and worth much to the future historian.

I found him hale and erect, ready to recount for the benefit of a younger generation the incidents which marked the youth of the martyred President. His name is Dennis Hanks, and he is a cousin to Lincoln. Uncle Dennis, as he is called, is a typical Kentuckian, born in Hardin County, 1790. His face is sun-bronzed and pitted with furrows of time; a resolute mouth, with firm grip of the jaws, broad forehead above a pair of unwearied eyes, faded face; they glow and flash like two diamond sparks set in ridges of dull gold. The face is a serious one, but the play of light in the eyes, unquenched by time, betrays the nature full of sunshine and elate life. A sideways glance at the profile shows a face strikingly like Lincoln, his prominent cheek bones, temples, nose and chin; but best of all, that twinkling drollery in the eye that flashed in the White House during the dark days of the civil war. To our query he replied cheerily:

"Ah, Dennis, that name is written now, not in sand; high on the heroic roll in Liberty's proud temple above the names of all save one."

"Did you have any idea of his future greatness?"

"No; it was a new country, and he was a raw boy; rather bright an' likely lad, but the big world seemed far ahead of him. We were all slow folk, but he had it in him, though we never suspected it."

"Did he take to books eagerly?"

"No he had to hire him at first. But when he got a taste it was the old story—we had to pull the sow's ears to get her to the trough, and pull her tail to get her away. He read a great deal and had a wonderful memory; wonderful. Never forgot anything."

"What church did he attend?"

"The Baptist. I'll tell you a circumstance about him. He would come home from church and put a box in the middle of the cabin floor, and repeat the sermon from text to doxology. I've heard him do it often."

"Was he a religious man?"

"Well, he wasn't an infidel or anything like that, but he wasn't in early life a religious man. He was a moral man, strict—never went to frolics, never drank liquor, never used tobacco, never swore. But in after life he became more religious, but the Bible puzzled him, especially the miracles. He often asked me in the timber, or sittin' around the fire-place nights, to explain Scripture. He never joined any church or secret order."

"How did the lad fare for food and clothing?"

"Plenty, such as it was—corn dodger and bacon, and game, some fish and wild fruits. I've often seen him take a dodger to the field and gnaw at it when plowing. We had very little wheat flour. The nearest mill was eighteen miles; a boss mill it was, with a plug pullin' a sweep around, and Abe used to say his hound could stand and eat the flour all day as fast as it was made, and then be ready for his supper. For clothing he had jeans; he was grown before he wore all wool pants."

"Did you move with him to Illinois?"

"Yes; I bought a little improvement near him, six miles from Decatur. Here the famous rails were split that were carried along in the campaign. They were called his rails, but nobody can tell about that. I split some of 'em, and we had a rail frolic and folks come for miles and helped us split. He was a master hand maunlin' rails. I heard him say in a speech one day about these rails: 'If I didn't make these I have made many just as good.' Then the crowd yelled."

"Were you his crony and companion?"

"Yes; I was the only boy in the place, all them years, and we was always together."

"Did you ever visit him in Washington?"

"Certainly; there were some folks arrested in Charleston, and I, for their folks' sake, went on durin' the war to get them free, for it was best. I got there and found the White House surrounded with soldiers. I went up to the door to go in, and a reporter (means porter) stopped me and said, 'Who do you want to see?' I said, 'Mr. Lincoln.' He said; 'You can't see him, it ain't the time of day yet.' I said, 'I'll show you if I can't. I hain't come here from Illinois for nothin'.' He grinned and showed me the door of his office. Outside was a heap of fellers waitin' to get to see the President. I opened the door kinder soft, and at the other end of a big room sat Abe at an old desk workin' about six bits. 'Hey!' I hollered, 'you're a pretty President, ain't ye?' He looked up and said, 'Well, Dennis, is that you?' and made a run and just gathered me. When I could get able to talk I said, 'I don't want no do, Abe.' He said, 'Most of them do, Dennis,' and smiled kinder tired. I told my errand, and he said to come up next morning and he would fix it. We talked an hour as friendly as ever about long-gone times; then he told me to go down to the house and see Mary—that's

his wife. She's dead now, poor soul. I knowed this was no highfalutin' down to Mary's for me, so I went to a tavern and put up; Next morning I went up, and Abe had an armload of indictments and he said, 'Take these over to Stanton and he'll fix it.' I said, 'Abe, I don't know where the pluggered place is.' So he called a reporter standin' by and said, 'Take these to Mr. Stanton.' Pretty soon Stanton 'in a bottal coat, came in. He didn't want to let 'em go; but Abe was kind and made him sign 'em. When Stanton went out I said, 'Abe, if I was as you are, I would take Stanton over my knee and spank him.' He laughed and said, 'It is not easy to keep my Cabinet all in good humor.' I left an' came home, and never saw him again. The next spring he was killed."

"When did you hear of his death?"

"The day after he was shot. I couldn't believe it. I went about sayin' surely it ain't so. I mind it all like it was yesterday. Twenty years, did you say? Twenty years! It all comes back so plain to-day. A man came to my shop door and said, 'Dennis, Old Abe is dead—murdered last night in Washington.'"

A mist came into the eyes, a pitiful quiver about the mouth, and Dennis stopped.

One more question: "Did he get his rare sense and sterling principles from one parent or both?" "Both; his strong will from his father. I'll tell you an incident. His father used to swear a little, and one day his baby girl picked up a foul oath and was abusin' the bitter morsel in her sweet mouth, when Nancy called, 'Thomas!' and said, 'Listen, husband.' He stopped that habit; never swore again. But Abe's kindness, humor, love of humanity, hatred of slavery, all came from her. I am free to say Abe was a mother's boy."

So I bade the old man good-bye, presiding once more the palsied hand that guided the pen that wrote the Emancipation Proclamation.

A Mad Race for Life.

"I don't expect to live much longer, and after I am dead I want you to put in the papers the story of that ride I had from Prospect to Brocton, 1869."

The speaker was Duff Brown, an old locomotive engineer, who was lying at his home in Portland, this county, dying with consumption. This was several months ago. On the 7th inst. he died. He was nearly 60 years old, and one of the oldest engineers in the United States. His history of the awful ride is this:

"In 1869 I was running a train on the Buffalo, Corry & Erie railroad. The track from Prospect or Marville summit to Brocton junction is so crooked that, while the distance is actually only ten miles, the curves make it by rail fourteen. The grade for the whole distance is over seventy feet to the mile. About 9 o'clock on the night of August 17, 1869, we reached the summit with a train of two passenger cars, six oil cars and a box car. The latter contained two valuable trotting horses and their keepers with them, on their way, I believe, to Chicago. There were 50 or 60 passengers in the two cars. I got the signal from the conductor to start and pulled out. We had got under considerable headway, when, looking back I saw that an oil-car in the middle of the train was on fire. I reversed the engine and whistled for brakes. The conductor and brakeman jumped off. They uncoupled the passenger cars and set the brakes on them and brought them to a stop. Supposing that the brakes on the burning oil-car would also be put on, I called to a brakeman on the box-car to draw the coupling pin between that car and the head oil tank, backing so that he could do it, intending to run far enough to save the box-car and the locomotive. As I ran down the hill after the pin had been drawn, what was my horror to see that the burning cars were following me at a speed that was rapidly increasing. The men had not succeeded in putting on the brakes. I saw that the only thing that could be done was to run for it to Brocton, and the chances were that we would never reach there at the speed which we would be obliged to make around those sharp, reverse curves, where we had never run over 30 miles an hour. When I saw the flaming cars—for the whole six were on fire by this time—plunging after me and only a few feet away, I pulled the throttle open. The oil cars caught me though, before I got away. They came with full force against the rear of the box-car, smashing in one end and knocking the horses and their keepers flat on the floor. The heat was almost unendurable, and so my best I couldn't put more than 30 feet between the pursuing fire and ourselves. By the light from the furnace, I saw the flames opening the door to pile in the coal, I caught sight of the face of one of the horsemen, he having crawled up to the grated opening in the end. It was as pale as death, and he begged me for God's sake to give her more steam. I was giving her then all the steam she could carry, and the grade itself was sufficient to carry us down at the rate of 50 miles an hour. We went so fast that the engine refused to pump. Every time we struck one of those curves, the old girl would run on almost one set of wheels, and why in the world she did not topple over is something I cannot understand. She seemed to know that it was a race for life or death, and worked as if she were alive. The night was dark, and the road run through woods, deep rock cuts and along high embankments. There were, thundering along at lightning speed, and, only a few paces behind us, that fiery demon in full pursuit. There were 50,000 gallons of oil in those tanks and it was all in flames, making a flying avalanche 500 feet long. The flames leaped into the air nearly 100 feet. Their roar was like some great cataract. Now and then a tank would explode with a noise like a cannon, with a column of flame and pitchy smoke would rise high above the body of flame and showers of burning oil would be scattered about in the woods. The whole country was lighted up for miles around. Well, it wasn't long, going at the rate we made, before the lights of Brocton came in sight down the valley.

The relief I felt when these came in view was short-lived, for I remembered

that train 8 on the Lake Shore would be at the junction about the time we would reach it. Eight was the Cincinnati express. Our only hope all along the race had been that the switchman at the junction would think far enough to open the switch there, connecting the cross-cut with the Lake Shore track, and let us run in on the latter, where the grade would be against us, if anything, and where we would soon get out of the way of the burning oil-cars. The switch would be closed now for the express, and our last hope was gone, unless the express was late, or some one had sense enough to flag the express. While we were thinking of this we saw the train tearing along towards the junction. Could we switch the junction, get the switch and the switch set back for the express before the latter got there? If not, there would be an inevitable crash, in which not only we but scores of others would be crushed to death. All this conjecturing did not occupy two seconds, but in those two seconds I lived years, 'Good God!' I said to my friend, 'what are we to do?'

The freeman promptly replied—and he was a brave little fellow—that I should whistle for the switch and take my chances. I did so. That whistle was one prolonged yell of agony. It was a shriek that seemed to tell us that our brave old engine knew our danger and had its fears. Neither the freeman or myself spoke another word. Thanks be to God. The engineer on the express train, seeing us tearing down that mountain with an eighth of a mile of fire in close pursuit of us, knew in a moment that only one thing could save us. He whistled for brakes and got his train at a standstill, not ten feet from the switch. The switchman now answered our signal, and we shot on the Shore track and whizzed on by the depot and through the place like a rocket. The burning cars followed us in of course, but their race was run. They had no propelling power now, and after chasing us for a mile they gave up pursuit, and in three hours there was nothing left of them but smoking ruins.

"My friend and I were so weak when we brought our locomotive to a stop that we could not get out of our cab. The two horsemen were unconscious in the box-car. The horses were ruined. And how long did you think we were making that ride?" We ran two miles up the Lake Shore track. Just 13 minutes, from the summit to the spot where we stopped! A plumb 80 miles an hour, not counting the time lost getting under headway and stopping beyond Brocton."

Where Beauty Sleeps.

Would you like to see how a New York belle of millionaireism sleeps? I can gratify you so far as to describe, with literal exactness, the bedroom of a young woman whose name is printed as often as anybody's in the society reports. I never saw a more beautiful, cosy, in every way delightful place than the sleeping-room of this young princess of fashion—this eldest child of a multimillionaire. The wall paper was pale gold, on faint slate color. The gilt bedstead was pushed against a square of plaited silk of pale gold with slate-colored silk down at the corners. Just such another square of plaited silk rose to the ceiling above the wash-stand. On that were only pitcher, bowl, soap dish and so on, because water is presumed to be invited sewer gas, but all of the choicest ware. A great sheet of beveled looking glass, six feet high, swung on brass rods above the floor in one corner for the young woman to see her whole at a glance. She had also a handsome folding glass to reflect her ears, back hair and neck. There was an open fireplace, besides the hot air register; a dressing-table, laden with pretty toilet boxes and bottles; an ivory canister filled sweetly as each hour began; easy chairs and a rocking-chair to match the wall paper and furniture; a pretty little prie-dieu for the young woman to say her prayers upon as fashionably as possible; and a wealth of little elegancies completing a general effect that was exquisite, dainty and inviting beyond comparison. Opening out of this room the young millionaire had another apartment, where she wrote and painted and "worked," so to speak, but I did not see it.

A Topper's Shrewdness.

There is a noted ex-philanthropist in town who has for years had a sad leaning toward the bottle. He is not one of those who do not know they are likely to go off on the spree. He makes up his arrangements, has his spree, soars up and is himself again. Nor is his spree one of those lively ones in which he interests the public and the police. He is quiet and retired, and, indeed, he disappears from public gaze until he has satisfied the desire for alcoholic rest.

To this end he had once an arrangement with a certain saloon-keeper that, in consideration of his enormous custom, he should be honestly dealt with and well taken care of. Under this arrangement he has many blissful hours. But once when he got sober he thought his bill for whiskey was rather large. He paid, but on the next occasion he was wise enough when a bottle was opened to carefully conceal the cork in his pocket. It was rather a protracted bout, and when the dawn of sobriety broke and he looked at his bill he found his suspicions were correct touching the amount of it.

"This bill ain't right. I haven't had all this whiskey."

"I swear it," solemnly said the saloon-keeper, raising a beer glass toward heaven.

"It's a lie. Look here," and he pulled out a pocketful of corks and counted them and knocked the saloon-keeper out of time.—*Boston Traveller.*

How innocently unfortunate is the frankness of childhood. Young Octavius DeLairde, the dramatic reader, was taking tea, on invitation, with the family, and in the evening forwarded the guests with a few of his most startling recitations. He was approached by the midwife of the family, a fairy in looks, but with an early development in speech. "Now, I know why you talk so loud when you speak pieces," she said to him. "And why, my dear?" with a little patronizing stroke of the golden hair. "Cause you're a Bellowtonist; said so!" That child will be put to bed early after this.

A Fulton street car, laden with matinee girls, suddenly stopped in front of the court house in New York about two o'clock the other day. The driver put the brake on with all the vehemence of his nature. The conductor, who stood on the rear platform, and who was busily engaged in picking his teeth, suddenly had business at the front door, and a gentleman, who occupied a position near that point, trotted on fourteen distinct and individual counts, and received as many blessings.

"What's the matter?" twittered a young lady, who had evidently been looking through a crack in a four-barrel.

Her companion wore a peaked-roof hat and was pretty to loveliness. She said:

"I can't say. Hope we won't be late. There's something the matter with the horse's apparel."

This was a fact. The animal had broken through its "Dutch collar," and a long delay seemed inevitable.

"How horrid!" ejaculated the girl who had neglected to take a last look at the mirror. "What did you say had happened?"

"I think the horse," she whispered confidentially, "I think the horse has burst its corsets."—*World.*

A LESSON IN WORLDLY PHILOSOPHY.—"Did you ever notice," inquired a stock drover, "the close resemblance between a carload of steers and the human race? You say you can't?"

"Well, I can. I've been shipping cattle for thirty years, and I've often thought of it. You see it is the business of the steers to hold each other up—a kind of mutual help association as it were. That's the way men ought to be. But the critters hook and crowd so that the first thing you know one of them is down. Just like the human race. And after they get one down, they crowd for one side and give him a chance to get up! No sir-ee! They just proceed to walk on him and trample him into sausage. That's just the way with human nature."—*Chicago Herald.*

A SAN ANTONIO darkey was on trial for stealing money from a house on Soledad street. Julian Van Slyck, the attorney for the prisoner, in his address to the jury, said: "Gentlemen, my client is a poor man. He was driven by hunger and want to take the small sum of money. All that he wanted was sufficient money to buy bread, for it is in evidence that he did not take the pocketbook containing \$300 that was in the same bureau drawer. If he was a professional thief he would have certainly taken the pocket book. The eloquent attorney was interrupted by the convulsive sobs of his client. "Why do you weep?" asked Judge Noonan, who was on the bench. "Because I didn't see that car pocketbook in the bureau drawer," was the reply. Everybody laughed except Van Slyck, the attorney for the defense.

ANOTHER NATURAL MISTAKE.—"What a playful lamb!" exclaimed a city man as he watched an old ram trying to batter down a stone wall. "I did not know they were so full of fun."

"Fun!" echoed the farmer, satirically. "He's mad, he's, and besides, he ain't no lamb, he's a ram."

"Dear me! I thought it was a spring lamb!"

"Guess he'd better change butchers," mused the farmer, as he moved off.

"Mamma, what is this?" asked a little girl, bringing a pretty illuminated card to her mother.

"It is a calendar, my child," answered the mother.

"And what is a calendar, mamma?"

"It is something by which we tell the time of the year, or month, or week."

The child turned it over carefully for a minute or two.

"I say, mamma, he inquired, anxiously, "where do they wind it up?"

PETER OSTROBERT is one of the most rascal negroes in Galveston. He was caught stealing poultry and brought up before the Justice. "The evidence," said the Judge, "shows that you stole the chickens from Captain Jones' hen coop, and the fine should be \$5, but I'll let you off this time." "Who wants to be let off," exclaimed the prisoner; "I steals chickens, and pays my fine, and don't ask nuffin of nobody. Dis here mixing up sentiment and bizness am what's ruin'd de kentry."

HAVING A CLEAR UNDERSTANDING.—"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from the honeymoon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life; are you to be president or vice-president of this concern?"

"I want to be neither president or vice-president," she answered, "I will be content with a subordinate position."

"What is that?"

"Controller of the currency."

KNOW IT ALREADY.—Reproachful mother to her five year old progeny.—"Now, Mary, when you say your prayers to-night, you must tell God of that naughty thing you said to mamma to-day."

Muttish five year old.—"No, I needn't."

Mamma, taken aback.—"No you needn't! Why not?"

Five year old, triumphantly.—"No use. He heard it." Tableau.

AN exchange says the following dialogue actually occurred between two ministers recently: Rev. Mr. A., who drove two horses, met Rev. Mr. B., who drove one horse attached to a buggy. Mr. B.—"Brother A., how does it happen that you need no horse? Brother C., of the Methodist Church, has only one horse, and I have only one. Why do you need two horses?" Brother A.—"Because I am not a one-horse preacher."

"You ought to have your baby baptized, 'Rastus,' said a member of the church to a colored father.

"Yes, sah, but I can't afford de cost."

"It doesn't cost anything."

"I know it doesn't cost nothin' fo' de mere act of baptism, sah, but y' see I owe de minister \$3 for performin' de weddin' ceremony a year ago, an' he mought oblige, sah, to baptizin' a baby that hadn't never been paid fo'."

"Yes," said Mrs. Catchem, "those are my daughters over there on the sofa; they have half a million between them." It was not until after they were married to those daughters, that the two young men who overheard the remark found out that Mrs. Catchem referred to the rich old codger who sat on the sofa between the girls. Mrs. Catchem couldn't tell a fib, but she knew how to speak the truth advantageously.

Boy.—"Please, sir, Tommy Johnson has made me make a blot." School board teacher.—"Then Tommy Johnson went to home to his dinner to-day." Tommy said afterwards, when the teacher had gone away: "I 'posse yer think y' owe a fine thing by roundin' on me, but, as it happens, I hain't got no dinner to go home to. Yah, yer sneak!"

Energy and a boy digging fish bait both mean about the same thing.

Latin is a "dead language"—especially when an inexperienced drug clerk looks with it.

We frequently hear the expression, "bee in a bonnet." Whoever saw a bonnet without a B in it.

The birthday of the man who invented the waste-basket will never be celebrated by spring poets.

Bismark believes in bald-headed men. It is a matter of tradition that bald-headed men always go to the front.

A jeweler advertises that he has some precious stones for disposal; adding that "they sparkle like the tears of a young widow."

Boston people never purchase ink. They simply request the stationer to supply them with "a modicum of the dark possibility of bright ideas."

If a man could only catch fish as easily as he can lie about it, he would be a Texas editor. He could if he only understood fishing as well as he does lying.

An exchange speaks of "the hotel of the future." Well, if they have hotels there, it strikes us that there will be a lively demand for fire escapes.

Some ladies once discussing what constituted the most beautiful hand, one of them said that the hand of a woman who is a goodly, gently that it was the hand that gives—the hand of charity.

First Plumber.—"Where! This is hot. But say, winter did everlastingly hang on. Second Plumber.—"Yes; must have been working by the day."

"How did you manage to cultivate such a beautiful black eye?" asked Brown. "O," replied Fogg, who had been practicing upon roller-skates, "I raised it from a slip."

"How is it," asked the landlady, "that you never complain of anything but the butter, Mr. Jones?" Mr. Jones.—"Well, that is a big enough contract for one man!"

"My dear, we don't want water to run a windmill," said Mr. Faunce this morning, when a page placed a glass of water in front of him, previous to his beginning a speech.

Spreading tar on the front gate of a Russian girl's residence is said to be the greatest insult that can be offered to her. The inference is that she can't catch a bead by any other means.

Dr. Johnson's famous motto for the tobacco merchant, Quid Ridet, has been equaled, if not excelled, by that of a western timber merchant, who emblazoned his coat-of-arms with the words "I did-I saw."

Russia.—"Look here, John Bull, are you going tonight?" England.—"Perhaps." Russia.—"Well, why don't you make up your mind?" England.—"What's the hurry?" Russia.—"That's so."

Pompos physician (to patient's wife).—"Why did you lay sending for me until he was out of his mind?" Wife.—"O, doctor! while he was in his right mind, he would not let me send for you!"

Cressus Beckworth, Sr., (to Mr. Ruskin de Vere, Art Critic).—"Now, that's what I call a fine picture; shows remarkable talent. My daughter painted that, sir, and I wouldn't take \$300 for it. Why, the paint alone cost a hundred and fifty."

"You did not dare to speak to me in that manner before I married you, sir," she indignantly exclaimed. "But now you don't dare come cavorting around me in a rickshaw and ragged carpet slips before I married you," he retorted. Then she cried and he fainted.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHAT WILL convince you of the wonderful cures that have been effected by its use to impress upon your mind this repeatedly proven fact? Thousands are using it, and all declare that it is a medicine that will cure all the ills of the human system, and more than that. My friend, if you are sick or in that condition that you cannot call yourself either sick or well, go and get a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and realize yourself how this medicine will cure you. It is a medicine that will cure all the ills of the human system, and more than that. My friend, if you are sick or in that condition that you cannot call yourself either sick or well, go and get a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and realize yourself how this medicine will cure you. It is a medicine that will cure all the ills of the human system, and more than that. 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PETERINARY DEPARTMENT

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and Dog," "The Cat and the Rabbit," "The Sheep and the Poultry," etc. "Horse Training Made Easy," etc. Professional advice through the columns of this journal to regular subscribers free. Parties desiring information will be required to send their full name and address to the office of the FARMER. No question will be answered by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. In order that correct information may be given, send your own interest by making careful examinations of your animals; note every symptom, no matter how trifling it may appear to be, as the nostrils, lining membrane of the eye, the inside of the mouth, the condition of the tongue, the color of the gums, the condition of the bowels, kidneys, etc., cough, discharge from the nose, eye or mouth, or any other symptom you may observe. In the case of lameness, note the manner in which the animal picks up the foot, carries the leg forward, or backward, whether it is lame to the touch or otherwise, soft or hard. These symptoms, when properly given, enable us to make the disease, and its treatment, in a few days, together with color and age of animal, and what treatment, if any, has been resorted to. Private address, 301 First Street, Detroit.

GRUB IN THE HEAD OF SHEEP.

HUBBARDSTON, May 11th, 1885.
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

As we are losing some of our best sheep in this vicinity from grub in the head, I thought it would be well to ask a few questions in regard to the plague upon your valuable paper: Is it a cure for this plague? If not, please give a preventive if you can. I have given the grub find its way into the head of the sheep? Is it the grub that is ejected from the nostril? Or does it develop in the head of the sheep? Or does it develop in the nostril of other sheep? 4th, does it run on low flat land make any difference? I could go on and ask more questions, but will not. Please give me the information you can in regard to them and their habit.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—First, the presence of the larva of the *cutanea* in the head of sheep are not regarded by the veterinary profession, as injurious to the animal, when not in large numbers, though they may add to the irritation of inflammatory diseases, such as catarrh which attack the mucus membranes lining the nasal cavities. We know of no cure, or means of dislodging the grub when once settled in the frontal sinuses. Many suggestions have been made from time to time, but all have proven failures. Second, instinct teaches the *cutanea* virus, or sheep fly, to deposit its eggs within the nostrils of the sheep during the summer months. The egg is at once hatched by the warmth and moisture of the parts; the young grub then commences its journey up the nostrils to its winter habitation, the frontal sinuses, where it remains until developed the following spring. Third, when the grub is ejected from the nostrils by the sheep sneezing it speedily burrows into the ground; the skin contracts, changing to a brown color assuming the form of a chrysalis, from which state in due time it emerges as the parent fly, again to make its attack upon the sheep. Fourth, the *cutanea* virus, or bot fly of the sheep, are more numerous in woody or meadow pastures, than on high dry land. A preventive is smearing the noses of the sheep with tar during the season the flies are prevalent.

Probably Plethora in a Horse.

THORNTON, May 17, 1885.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

Sir.—You will find \$1.50 enclosed for which please send me a copy of your work on the Horse and its Diseases. Please advise me through the columns of the FARMER how to treat my colic. He is a bright bay stallion four years old next June. Last spring he seemed healthy and in good condition and covered 25 mares but never more than two or three in a day. He was led out on the road one day in each week and traveled about 10 miles. He was very quiet and calm and did not seem to sweat a good deal. Had good feed, but his coat began to lose its brightness, and towards fall he began rubbing his mane and rubbed it nearly all off his neck. Part sticking straight up. I gave him some condition powders and he stopped rubbing his neck, but his hair has not regained its natural brightness, but looks dull. He appears lively, but is troubled with the lumps and does not eat good. We feed him corn, oats, bran and hay. Kept no blanket on him, for he tears them off with his teeth. What shall I do on his neck to cause him to grow out rapidly, and what is the best course to pursue to bring him into good condition and make his coat look and glossy.

K.

Answer.—The rubbing of the mane is due to irritation of the skin from some cause, unknown to us. Wash the skin clean with castile soap and water, and when dry apply a little vasoline well rubbed in once a day. For lumps all that is necessary is to lance the bars near the incision teeth, an ordinary pocket knife will answer the purpose. Give internally the following: Sulfate of iron, pulv., three ounces; gentian root, pulv., three ounces; Jamaica ginger root, pulv., one ounce; mix all together and divide into 12 powders, give one night and morning in the feed or on the tongue. Give no corn or corn-meal, but good clean oats and hay in moderate quantity. If his hide is scurfy, select a warm day, wash him all over with castile soap and water, using a soft flesh brush for the purpose; then apply the following: Hypophosphite soda four ounces, dissolve in one gallon of water, rubbing well with the flesh brush. One or two such baths are usually sufficient to create healthy action in the skin when properly applied. We forwarded the book by mail.

Crabbing Muzzle, and Injury of the Hock Joint in a Horse.

ADRIAN, May 15, 1885.

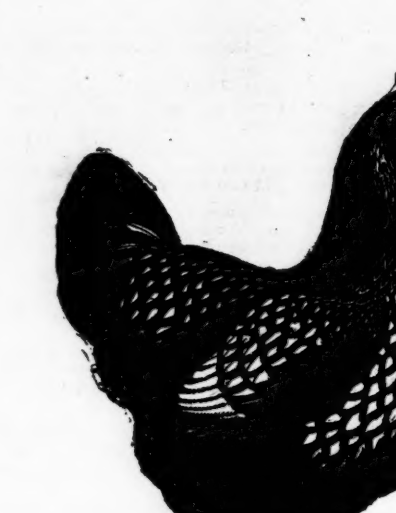
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—Being a subscriber, I would like to ask a favor. Can a horse wear one of your crabs on his muzzle, and if so, in what measure and feed all right? If so, you give me a cut of one if I can get them made here?

One more question: Is there any cure for an acute sprain of a crook-joint, or seven years old, hind leg in hind leg? DeWald calls it acute sprain. Told me to blister. Have blistered it twice with corrosive sublimate, turpentine, and camphor gum, but have failed to make a cure. L.

Answer.—When wearing the muzzle the horse at pasture is crabbing slowly, by drawing the muzzle slowly from either side, or by pulling the muzzle from the grass. The side of the muzzle, allowance would be very short, when his

THE MICHIGAN FARMER.



Wyandottes, Bred and Owned by M. L. Rice, Utica, Macomb County, Mich.

cut gives a correct idea as to how it should be made and attached to the

Wyandotte Poultry.

This new breed of fowls is really one of the handsomest known to fanciers. They are of large size, cocks from eight to ten lbs., and hens from six to eight lbs., have plump square bodies, clean yellow legs and fine combs. They originated from crossing Spangled Hamburgs with Buff Cochins, and then breeding in a single cross of Hamburg and Dark Brahma. The above illustration is very true to life, both in shape and markings of the fowls. They are excellent layers, very contented, easily fenced in, and in every way a desirable fowl for the farmer, poultry raiser or fancier. Besides the Wyandottes, which come from the yards of Weston & Hawkins, Mr. Rice is breeding Partridge Cochins of Philadelphia and Williams, Light Brahmas of Philadelphia and Williams, Black and Breasted Red Game, Langshans, Brown Leghorns, White Leghorns, and Plymouth Rocks. We can recommend Mr. Rice as a careful and reliable breeder to any one wanting fowls of the varieties he is breeding.

WYANDOTTE FOWLS.

At the Michigan Central Yards.

Saturday, May 23, 1885.

The following were the receipts at these yards:

Cattle, Sheep, Hogs.

Ans Arbor, 17, 28, 8.

Bellevue, 17, 28, 8.

Chelona, 17, 28, 8.

D. G. & Co., 17, 28, 8.

Farmville, 17, 28, 8.

Grand Blanc, 17, 28, 8.

Ho well, 17, 28, 8.

Jackman, 17, 28, 8.

Leonia, 17, 28, 8.

Mason, 17, 28, 8.

Metagen, 17, 28, 8.

Oxford, 17, 28, 8.

Somerset, 17, 28, 8.

Utica, 17, 28, 8.

Webster, 17, 28, 8.

Ypsilanti, 17, 28, 8.

Total, 464, 93, 92.

CATTLE.

The offerings of cattle at these yards numbered 484 head, against 916 head last week. Butchers' cattle were very scarce, as a good part of the receipts were made up of stockers. There was an active demand for the best grades of butchers' stock, and for this class buyers had to pay a sharp advance over last week's rates, none of them putting in less than 25 cents per hundred. For heavy shipping cattle and stockers the market was steady at last week's rates. The yards were cleared early in the morning and left a demand for about as many more cattle unprovided.

The following were the closing

QUOTATIONS:

Extra graded steers, weighing 1,300 to 1,400 lbs., \$5.25 to \$5.50.

Good steers, weighing 1,100 to 1,300 lbs., \$4.75 to \$5.00.

Good steers, weighing 1,000 to 1,100 lbs., \$4.50 to \$4.75.

Good steers, weighing 900 to 1,000 lbs., \$4.25 to \$4.50.

Good steers, weighing 800 to 900 lbs., \$4.00 to \$4.25.

Good steers, weighing 700 to 800 lbs., \$3.75 to \$4.00.

Good steers, weighing 600 to 700 lbs., \$3.50 to \$3.75.

Good steers, weighing 500 to 600 lbs., \$3.25 to \$3.50.

Good steers, weighing 400 to 500 lbs., \$3.00 to \$3.25.

Good steers, weighing 300 to 400 lbs., \$2.75 to \$3.00.

Good steers, weighing 200 to 300 lbs., \$2.50 to \$2.75.

Good steers, weighing 100 to 200 lbs., \$2.25 to \$2.50.

Good steers, weighing 50 to 100 lbs., \$2.00 to \$2.25.

Good steers, weighing 25 to 50 lbs., \$1.75 to \$2.00.

Good steers, weighing 10 to 25 lbs., \$1.50 to \$1.75.

Good steers, weighing 5 to 10 lbs., \$1.25 to \$1.50.

Good steers, weighing 2 to 5 lbs., \$1.00 to \$1.25.

Good steers, weighing 1 to 2 lbs., \$0.75 to \$1.00.

Good steers, weighing 0 to 1 lb., \$0.50 to \$0.75.

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WYANDOTTE FOWLS.

This new breed of fowls is really one of the handsomest known to fanciers. They are of large size, cocks from eight to ten lbs., and hens from six to eight lbs., have plump square bodies, clean yellow legs and fine combs. They originated from crossing Spangled Hamburgs with Buff Cochins, and then breeding in a single cross of Hamburg and Dark Brahma. The above illustration is very true to life, both in shape and markings of the fowls. They are excellent layers, very contented, easily fenced in, and in every way a desirable fowl for the farmer, poultry raiser or fancier. Besides the Wyandottes, which come from the yards of Weston & Hawkins, Mr. Rice is breeding Partridge Cochins of Philadelphia and Williams, Light Brahmas of Philadelphia and Williams, Black and Breasted Red Game, Langshans, Brown Leghorns, White Leghorns, and Plymouth Rocks. We can recommend Mr. Rice as a careful and reliable breeder to any one wanting fowls of the varieties he is breeding.

WYANDOTTE FOWLS.

At the Michigan Central Yards.

Saturday, May 23, 1885.

The following were the receipts at these yards:

Cattle, Sheep, Hogs.

Ans Arbor, 17, 28, 8.

Bellevue, 17, 28, 8.

Chelona, 17, 28, 8.

D. G. & Co., 17, 28, 8.

Farmville, 17, 28, 8.

Grand Blanc, 17, 28, 8.

Ho well, 17, 28, 8.

Jackman, 17, 28, 8.

Leonia, 17, 28, 8.

Mason, 17, 28, 8.

Metagen, 17, 28, 8.

Oxford, 17, 28, 8.

Somerset, 17, 28, 8.

Utica, 17, 28, 8.

Webster, 17, 28, 8.

Ypsilanti, 17, 28, 8.

Total, 464, 93, 92.

CATTLE.

The offerings of cattle at these yards numbered 484 head, against 916 head last week. Butchers' cattle were very scarce, as a good part of the receipts were made up of stockers. There was an active demand for the best grades of butchers' stock, and for this class buyers had to pay a sharp advance over last week's rates, none of them putting in less than 25 cents per hundred. For heavy shipping cattle and stockers the market was steady at last week's rates. The yards were cleared early in the morning and left a demand for about as many more cattle unprovided.

The following were the closing

QUOTATIONS:

Extra graded steers, weighing 1,300 to 1,400 lbs., \$5.25 to \$5.50.

Good steers, weighing 1,100 to 1,300 lbs., \$4.75 to \$5.00.

Good steers, weighing 1,000 to 1,100 lbs., \$4.50 to \$4.75.

Good steers, weighing 900 to 1,000 lbs., \$4.25 to \$4.50.

Good steers, weighing 800 to 900 lbs., \$4.00 to \$4.25.

Good steers, weighing 700 to 800 lbs., \$3.75 to \$4.00.

Good steers, weighing 600 to 700 lbs., \$3.50 to \$3.75.

Good steers, weighing 500 to 600 lbs., \$3.25 to \$3.50.

Good steers, weighing 400 to 500 lbs., \$3.00 to \$3.25.

Good steers, weighing 300 to 400 lbs., \$2.75 to \$3.00.

Good steers, weighing 200 to 300 lbs., \$2.50 to \$2.75.

Good steers, weighing 100 to 200 lbs., \$2.25 to \$2.50.

Good steers, weighing 50 to 100 lbs., \$2.00 to \$2.25.

Good steers, weighing 25 to 50 lbs., \$1.75 to \$2.00.

Good steers, weighing 10 to 25 lbs., \$1.50 to \$1.75.

Good steers, weighing 5 to 10 lbs., \$1.25 to \$1.50.

Good steers, weighing 2 to 5 lbs., \$1.00 to \$1.25.

Good steers, weighing 1 to 2 lbs., \$0.75 to \$1.00.

Good steers, weighing 0 to 1 lb., \$0.50 to \$0.75.

Good steers, weighing 0 to 1 lb., \$0.25 to \$0.50.

Good steers, weighing 0 to 1 lb., \$0.00 to \$0.25.